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Mike & Robin



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"I'm Just so happy Big Daddy, I have to cry or something."
— Tennessee Williams

TO ME, THAT
SPELLS
"TACKY"
TROUBLE!



SAUNDERS
ZIEGLER
11-4

Nice ~~Ass~~

Recently I received a letter From the Women's Centre Collective at the U of T. the contents of which are included in this months issue.

The Innis Herald has in the past condemned discrimination against women. Despite the contents of the letter this will remain our policy. The Collective is an all female body. It is also a body with very frightening moral ideas. I do not feel that the two are related.

The language used in the letter is well thought out and deliberate. The message is clear: Big Sister is watching, editorial freedom must be quashed. The Innis Herald will not be intimidated.

I find myself in a thorny dilemma as a result of this letter. On the one hand I wish to sever all ties with an organization which attempts to remove the freedom of the press. This would include refusal to publish promotional material or to

provide coverage of Women's Centre sponsored events. However sinking to this childish level of tit for tat would be largely counter productive. It would however send a message to the member's of the collective that they cannot wave the Women's Centre banner and expect their adversaries (and at least up until now the Herald did not count itself among this group) to cower before them in fear of being labeled a sexist. Perhaps for 'public recognition' the collective could paint a big yellow 'S' on our doors and scatter the ashes of our confiscated journals to the wind.

We at the Herald will do our best to ignore the position of the Women's Centre. We believe that with power comes responsibility, and, unlike the all female Collective of the Women's Centre, we do not feel that censorship before the fact is a policy that should be endorsed by women at the U of T.

OUR SAD STATE

It was a rally. It was meant to protest underfunding. It was what one would expect from U of T. It was a failure.

There are myriad reasons for the failure of the underfunding rally. People have been quick to lay blame. But is those on whose shoulders much of the blame must be placed, who were the first to point fingers: the students.

"It was organized by the staff, the students were just a tool for the media". "A march on Queen's Park was cancelled as the organisers thought the students wouldn't present the proper image." Bullshit. If the students had wanted to go to Queen's Park they could have, they should not have needed someone to tell them.

The staff was out in force, everywhere one looked it was twined and Volvos. They cared enough to show up. To them the University is more than a disposable tool.

The total student population of the five institutions involved is in the range of 75,000. The attendance was well below 10,000. The blame lies here.

The list of speakers complimented the flavour of the rally. George Connel was himself.

Greg Sorbara gave the standard government spiel of taking our message to caucus, and waxed poetic about the 60's. Larry Grossman endorsed a 26 percent increase in university funding, a fairly easy task when one's party is not responsible for balancing the budget. Bob Rae gave the typical NDP rhetoric of not giving rhetoric. Further he thought that we should give University back to the proletariat, particularly those people involved in the garment industry.

Professor Polanyi was the sole speaker of merit of the afternoon. His sharp wit, and sincerity was refreshing change from the ponderous rhetoric of the other speakers.

The power of rallies in the 1960's (the heros of the modern rally) resulted from the fact that they were run by students, not student and staff administrators. Students who cared about an issue. Of course in those days an issue was in vogue if it was deemed important enough, now it seems to be the other way around.

I attended because I thought underfunding was an important issue. It was a nice gesture, nothing more.

Letters

The Innis Herald has an open letters policy. Please ensure that letters are typed (double spaced), signed (with telephone number) and free from sexist, racist, homophobic, agit, libellous or just plain dumb content; letters may be edited or rejected on these grounds or undue length. Opinions expressed in letters, like all submissions, are attributable only to their authors; no liability is attached to the Innis Herald, the Innis College Student Society or to the publisher.

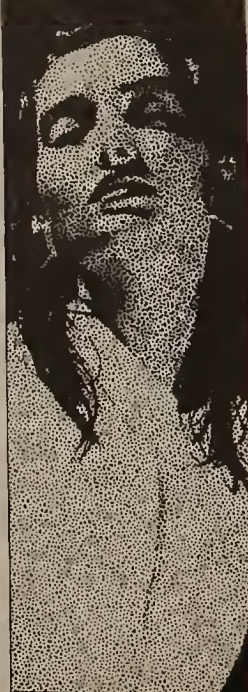
The Goal of the Women's Centre is to improve the status of women at U of T. Intelligent media coverage of Women's issues can do a lot toward reaching that goal. To encourage such coverage this year, the Women's Centre will be monitoring all campus papers and giving public recognition to those papers which are most and least impressive in their

treatment of women (Otherwise and the Toike excepted). Criteria used to rate the newspapers will include the quality and quantity of articles of special interest to women, the use of inclusive language and the absence of offensive material (including advertising).

We encourage you to inform your reporters of this contest and to educate them on these issues. The Women's Centre has on file two brief guides to avoiding biased language (one from York University and the other from the Association of Freelance Editors of Canada) which you might find it useful to distribute to your staff.

Best wishes for a productive year.

Helen Fallding
— on behalf of the Women's Centre Collective



Innis Herald

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Where The Money Goes Innis Gambles For Scholarships

By Mary Campbell

The annual I.C.S.S. budget meeting was held on Wednesday October 8. About 25 students attended the meeting to help decide how the money would be spent. The event lasted more than four hours as debate over certain areas of spending became quite lengthy.

With budget requests of \$40,071.42 and revenue of only \$33,060.85, cuts were clearly necessary. Heated debate over the donations account resulted in \$700.00 being allotted to this area. Other substantial decreases occurred for Women's Athletics, the Film Society, Education and the Social Committee.

Since the meeting, generous donations from SAC's project aid for the Film Society, SCAT and the Innis production of *Lolita*, has loosened the money belt somewhat.

An organization like the ICSS has a tendency to base spending allocations for a given year on the budget of the previous year. The tight financial situation, which is not expected to change in the near future, has had the positive effect of forcing the ICSS to review the very basis of its spending traditions in order to trim fat which may have accumulated in certain areas over the years.

Disbursements

1	Athletic Banquet	\$1780.00
2	Awards	\$1300.00
3	Bank Charges	\$150.00
4	Clubs	\$275.00
5	Co-Ed Athletics	\$370.00
6	Communications	\$2945.82
7	Donations	\$700.00
8	Education	\$600.00
9	Farm	\$1300.00
10	Film Society	\$2262.00
11	The Innis Herald	\$3812.60
12	Locker (Refunds)	\$350.00
13	Men's Athletics	\$1600.00
14	Orientation	\$5100.00
15	SCAT	\$2072.00
16	Social Committee	\$6955.43
17	Surplus	\$900.00
18	Women's Athletics	\$588.00

Total disbursements \$33060.85

Total Revenue \$33030.85

Net Deficit/Surplus \$0.00

The Fire Of My Loins

By Vicky Zelins

The 1986-87 academic year sees the ICSS venturing into new territories. The continued support of cinematic enthusiasts of the university community by the Innis College Film Society is during the ICSS to enter into the world of live theatre. Their entrance into this new realm is marked with the production of *Lolita* a play by Edward Albee based on the novel by Vladimir Nabokov.

The show will run for six days in the last two weeks of January. The challenges of this particular play are enormous but Director Barbara Goslawski says they are not insurmountable. At press time, the

cast list had not yet been posted and call backs were still underway. The first production meeting was scheduled for November 4. If you were not able to attend, Goslawski invites you to sign the production list posted outside room 116 as she still needs the maximum number of staff possible to minimize the work for all.

The rehearsals will begin as soon as the cast is chosen and Goslawski feels confident that with the strength of the production crew behind them the actors and actresses chosen will be able to meet the demands of this truly extraordinary play.

Innis Croquet Crew Kicks Trinity's Ass

By Drew Liebman

Ah yes, I remember it well. The faintest suggestion of fall in the air, and competition on the Innis green. That was the year we beat Trinity at their own game -- Croquet.

It was mostly a team effort, but as the temperature dropped and the wine and cheese came out, people started to drift inside.

Earlier, there had been hordes of Innisites and Trinitrons urging on the competitors and howling with delight every time a ball was bashed out of play. The players rotated in and out of the game as the two balls from each college advanced around the traditional course.

Naz got his picture in the *Varsity*, and Allison managed to get her foot on both of Trinity's balls, but it was the fight for the lead that I most remember.

Coming into the game a little behind, I started my strategic push towards victory. With the invaluable advice of Caddy (and sometimes stand-in) Arthur D., I managed to close the gap, and ended up leaving the Trinity captain with a difficult choice: Play conservatively and keep it close, hoping for a respectable finish; or go for broke and possible clinch the victory.

Succumbing to a typical yearning for the bravado of glory, he went for it all, and lost.

Cradling the winning mallet in the crook of my arm, I led my team mates and the few loyal spectators in to the pub where we received the congratulations of friend and foe alike.

Ah, yes. I remember it well. We ended up waiting quite a while before they had the guts to challenge us again.

McGarvey Talks

By Matt McGarvey

Well, it's that bad time of year, the time when all one does is study or fail (or both) (cf. this month's philosophy column). This is why the ICSS has been so quiet. However, there has been some behind the scenes work: the files have been partially sifted through, the minutes are up to date, a party, a farm, a play and talent night have been in the works. To tell the truth, I'm covering our asses because this is traditionally the time of year for a scathing editorial criticizing the lethargic student government. I will grant that the visibility of the ICSS is low, but the results still come. The action is taking place at odd hours, in odd places, but it is taking place. So don't lose faith, if you feel we are neglecting something, tell us. If you have been neglecting us, fuck you.

By Drew Liebman

Billed as Innis's contribution to U of T day, our Monte Carlo night was really more of a annual college occasion.

Since the event was planned before U of T day was ever announced, we got involved in the campus-wide event more by luck than planning. On the other hand, as our annual homecoming weekend happening, it was wildly successful.

For several years now, there have been fall fundraising events which are the joint effort of the alumni, staff, and students. This year the excellent turnout of students turned this into a really college wide effort.

As well as a chance for alumni to come back to Innis and stay in touch with the college, this was a chance for the undergrads to get to know the grads and staff better. Just as important though, was the money raised, and where it goes.

SCHOLARSHIPS are the result of the fundraising from Monte Carlo Night.

About \$3,200 was raised: \$2,300 from pledges, and around \$450 each from gambling and bar sales. This money goes towards financing Innis scholarships.

Half of the proceeds will be added to the Innis College Varsity



Photo by Sirje Jarvel

Fund so that the interest can go towards the Alumni scholarship (an in-course award of \$500 which is given annually). The other half of the money raised will be added to the anniversary scholarship fund, which gave out awards for the first time last year.

But those are long term, lasting benefits. The immediate bonuses to those participating were the prizes

(generously donated by Molson's and drawn for pledges of 15, 25, 50, and 100 dollars), and the chance to beat Gary Spencer at Black Jack.

Next year, our homecoming plans may have more to do with U of T Day, but it is likely that gambling for scholarships and getting the whole college community together will find another place in our social calendar.

Moss grows fat on a rolling stone

Mike Dryd did it, and you can too. Provided of course that you are a dynamo of student activity and academic excellence.

The application form for the John H. Moss scholarship is out. You should be able to get a copy from the registrars office. It is a rather lengthy document with several pages of descriptive and informative material included. To make the potential Mossian's task simpler, and to alert some of you to the fact that you may have Moss potential, we of the Herald offer this synopsis of the 1986-87 application form.

After the first, nicely typed cover page, the applicant is faced with two pages on the History of the scholarship (which are also nicely typed, but are skewed on the page). Two elements of this are of particular interest to the applicant: the amount of the scholarship, \$12,000.00; and a word from Moss scholarship winner J. K. Thomas who states: "Like the Rhodes scholarship, it is said that the winner should be a combination of Atlas, Aristotle, and Alexander, and that he is a man with a brilliant past." "... men and women... who will find on the banks of the Isis, the Cam and the Charles, in the cafes of Paris, values that makes them more perceptive, and therefore, better men." "... they are given the Benedictine luxuries of space light and silence to sort themselves out, and measure themselves against their contemporaries. Then they come back to Canada to live — and by their lives to alter Canada. For this brief respite they thank the friends of John Moss."

In the information section one finds the concrete parameters of the scholarship.

"The John H. Moss Scholarship is awarded annually to the best all-round man or woman graduating from the Third or Fourth year in the Faculty of Arts & Science or Scarborough College..."

Students must continue their education in either a second degree or graduate program in order to receive the money awards.

If you have good grades and a good record of extracurricular activities (these include sports, student gov't, and clubs, societies and associations) you too could be a Moss scholar. Wow!

Biography Of A Pub

By Andrew Liebmann

There was a time when Innis was known for having the best food on campus. Because of the Home cooking of John and Marilyn McHue, people would come from miles around to sample the delights of our pub.

Those were the days of full meal service for breakfast, lunch, and supper; a huge variety of imported beers; and bar service until 10pm. Those were also the days when Fuzz filled his niche as the evening bar tender.

Unfortunately, there were some discrepancies with the books, which was the result of some, shall we say, unusual inventory control. The University was not happy.

So gone were the days when one could see Marilyn, meat knife in hand, chasing John around the kitchen because of his indiscretions. He and Patsy arc now happily married and raising a family.

Next in this saga was, well, SAGA (food services). Because they had contracts for other places on campus, SAGA manager Doug Waldie took over and the food quality went way, way, down. Partly the fault of the ill fated food plan, costs were too high and Doug was superceded by Thelma Henderson.

Thelma worked hard to raise the quality of food, with some success, but without any cooperation from her bosses she was getting pretty frustrated. She continued on when VERSA foods took over from SAGA, but when she couldn't get them to listen on the subject of food quality she decided to move on. Then came the biggest change in the pub's general operations.

Because of the amount of money that was being lost, and the complaints about the food from the people on the meal plan, Vlad was asked to take a vote and decide whether to keep the meal plan or not.

For a variety of reasons, the Vladniks decided that the meal plan was not to be, and many of them can now be seen subsisting on the (un) limited culinary delights of the New College meal plan.

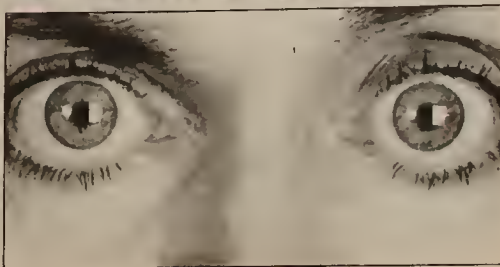
With the demise of the meal plan breakfast and supper were cut out of the services offered, and there was even a period when the pub was closing at 3pm (unless someone could convince Fuzz to do us a favour). Of course, a combination of a student petition and the divine intervention of John Browne extended the hours to the present situation.

All this was the work of another Versa big cheeze: Maurice Haines. He tried to increase the quality of food, and the size of the portions. He also increased the prices, and decided that the Innis Pub would do better as the trendy new "Innis Cafe". Then came Fuzz.

Upgraded from his part time position as evening bar keep, the years he spent lying in wait paid off when he became the pub manager, and had the force of character (and intimidating looks) to run things his way.

While the changes he has made are not drastic, Fuzz has managed to make the pub run better while improving the quality of food. For instance, he is now offering more juice and milk (healthier than pop) for reasonable prices, and buying food with "no chemicals". He saves money by cutting personnel — plastic plates mean that he doesn't need to hire a union dishwasher for \$9.33/hour + benefits.

So there you have it, starting as one of the hired hands, that big ugly guy that insults all the people he likes is now the one who runs the show. If you want something changed, you now know where to go. Funny thing though, Fuzz doesn't seem to have to deal with too many irate customers.



Random Thoughts

Semiotics: Where The Heart Is

By Ted Parkinson

"The house of everyone is to him as his castle and fortress, as well for his defence against injury and violence as for his repose."

— Sir Edward Coke

"Property is theft!"

— Pierre Joseph Proudhon

Home is where the heart and heartache are, it's where we live and breath, it's where we depart from every morning when we leave for that-which-is-not-home and it's what we return home to every night. Unless we work the night shift. But home is not just concrete and wood and paint, it is us; it is our self-evocation of domestic pleasure.

"Home" is a relative term involving apartments, flats, condos, bachelors, rooms, semi-detached's and actual houses within its sphere of reference. But within the plurality of structure sits the singularity of human consciousness, a singularity devoted to constituting the home as *Gestalt*, where the body of the home mirrors the body of the owner. That is to say, an exteriority which is constituted rather than constituted, the *Gestalt* is an overdetermined and produced symmetry which, nevertheless, seeks to hide its production within ownership, creating the identities "My" and "Mine." "My house, your house" is an affirmation of the generosity and equality of the object, an object which remains purely subjectified by ownership. The generosity of the home is, in fact, the generosity of the owner: welcome to my home, welcome to my image, welcome to my nightmare.

The home is necessarily conscripted into double duty, it is "mine", it is benevolent and it has beers in the fridge, it is, in short, hospitable. But the home is also protection against that-which-is-not-us, that which we can not or have not purchased: it is shelter from the outside, the other. These two sides of the home are not mutually exclusive, they overlap and interfere and it is in those spaces where we may situate a site of neurosis.

The urban home is plagued by a particularly insidious occupant: the cockroach. The cockroach is that uninvited guest who makes himself comfortable on those things we have forgotten or disowned; scrapings, scraps, grease, dust, all the things we have not picked up, in short, the

darker side of our consumption. The butter wrapping and the onion peel are two favorites, they protect and advertise both products but after we have consumed we drop them into the unconscious of our floors and behind our stoves. These



LEFTovers do not fit into our carefully constructed *Gestalt*, our image of home includes good home-cooking but not the grease it produces. Cockroaches are not welcomed but are always "at home".

Perhaps the most insidious characteristic possessed by roaches is their absolute ability to violate our (purchased) space. At night, as we sleep, they are free to crawl wherever they desire, in the midst of our castle there is no place which is safe. They disappear into the gaps and fissures of the home, they have control over an enormous space (in the building, in the walls, in the concrete unconscious) which we have paid for yet is unseen. They sit, silent, stuck to the back of our property, stuck to the forgotten insides of our homes carefully licking a small piece of cookie which has transgressed the gap between "Orio" and "Crumb".

"Orio" is a noble wrapping proudly announcing a delicious product, "Crumb" is a "bit", a "piece", a "scrap" broken off something, it is that which is left after the thrill of consumption is gone. Cockroaches remind us of what we have scraped off, they delight in the remainder.

Home is a disturbed state, a place where we go to lose sleep. Home is clean, it is where Spic and Span chases the dirt into the corner and under the welcome mat. Home is sweet (candies dropped behind the refrigerator), home sweet home.

By Matt McGarvey

Philosophy of education can cover many topics. From an analytical viewpoint, one can attempt to define what education is. Most of us see education as a means by which we consume and decipher facts — a type of truth seeking. As one progresses through university it becomes evident either that education is not just to do with fact digestion, or that in university one is not being educated. We assume we are being educated, so we must assume a different view of education.

It is true that we learn facts in university, many of them. However, what seems to be more important, is that we learn *how* to obtain facts, or how to understand *relationships* among concepts. Note, one can be well educated and know very few facts on this model; this could explain the origins of the absent minded professor, and the morality of trivia games. This definition of education could perhaps be summed up in one word: analysis.

Not too many people share a concern for particular "facts" of science, and in arts and social science one is not even sure knowledge of facts is possible. However, all disciplines redefine

analysis: analysis of evidence, of logical relations, of history, of language, of systems. What is involved in effective analysis?

First, the definition of the object of analysis must be discovered, agreed upon or stipulated. In science, this consists of having a theoretical background, an experimental method, and an idea of what different results will imply. In social sciences, "models" are proposed (e.g. a linear model) and the perception of the world is placed in the models context. In arts, language use is examined from a conceptual standpoint — what is being conveyed by the author/director/actor?

How is the success of analysis measured? In the case of science, a correspondence between experience and theory supports the hypothesis, and a contradiction means either the theory or experiment has failed. In the modelling case, one looks for ability to predict and ability to explain new phenomenon using the model. In arts, standards can vary — aesthetic considerations, logical considerations, justifying your statements all can be criteria of "good" analysis.

History, it is interesting to note, seems to be significantly different than most disciplines. It deals not with facts and relationships of a general nature, but rather with particular events and their connotations. For this reason, the facts of history are rarely argued and the focus is on the causes and effects of facts.

I see education as a combination of analysis and fact eating; with university providing the former, and life the latter plus analytical details. This can explain the common distinction between students and people in the real world: this can explain the complete unsuitability of many grads to any sort of job, they know how to analyse but not what to. Conversely it also explains why many arts grads are successful at business or other completely unrelated fields, they know how to define and analyse, and some are able to see from common sense (more likely from real experience) what to analyse.

To assure yourself a true education, study your analytic skills in school. But don't forget to learn some facts of life you can read the Kamasutra and still be a lousy lay.

On Disability Discrimination and Ignorance

By Chloë Atkins

November 4, 1986 — This morning, CFRB interviewed four handicapped patients at Lyndhurst Hospital in honour of Rick Hansen's arrival in Toronto. The Canadian Paraplegic Association runs the hospital, which seeks to rehabilitate people with spinal cord injuries.

Rehabilitation itself consists of a lengthy process in which doctors, nurses and therapists attempt to restore as much functionality as possible to paralysed limbs and organs and, to teach skills that will permit the individual's reintegration into society.

The process is tiring and painful, both physically and emotionally. The wheelchair-bound patient is caught in the dilemma of having to accept his/her condition while simultaneously working toward improving it. A strange mixture of acceptance and hope thus colours his/her existence. Each struggles toward an invisible and unknown goal never knowing how far their efforts might take them. And so the dream of achieving greater

movement and/or of walking never quite dies.

The interviewer questioned the three young men and woman about their differing illnesses and accidents. His queries searched for a profound and all encompassing perspective on life in a wheelchair.

The patients answered him, stressing the importance of perseverance and of maintaining a positive attitude. They also spoke of the need for greater accessibility to buildings and public spaces. They emphasized that, in spite of their disabilities, they were as capable of contributing to the community as the rest of the able-bodied population.

The interviewer persisted, asking how we, the public, should change our attitudes and the environment to accommodate the handicapped. And each of them faltered, pausing, and finally returning to the issue of accessibility.

As I listened, I felt both pleased and frustrated. I was happy to know that attention was being paid to these individuals and many like them, but also dissatisfied with the extent of the dialogue that had occurred. Knowing the young woman who was interviewed and, having partaken in and watched her fight to regain the use of her torso and legs I felt that the conversation had failed to elucidate the dynamics of her and her companions' existence.

In some sense, the lives of the paralyzed are overly active. Most tasks require immense coordination, effort and thought. Weeks pass learning the skills and acquiring the strength to carry out the simplest acts: eating, dressing, going to the bathroom. Once the basic routines have become easier, new ones are added. The day is long and full. And hopefully, the patient gains more independence.

More specifically, my discontent arose from the interviewer placing the onus on the disabled to tell us what we can do for them. Accessibility is, of course, primary, but more is needed.

The person in a wheelchair must

take the initiative in all that he approaches in society, whether it is going to work, or simply going out to a restaurant. His/her integration into the community depends in large part upon his/her own efforts. While this is true of all people, for the handicapped person it is that much more difficult. So, in wanting the patient to provide the answers while himself/herself is already working hard for solutions seems inappropriate. The answers lie with us and in our attitudes and in our actions.

It is essential that the modern world not only accepts, but unquestionably adjusts its environment for the handicapped.

Instead of demanding what they want, we must begin to be perceptive and to see their needs and aspirations as absolutes in society. Instead of waiting for them to break through barriers, we must ensure that obstacles do not exist. There are no excuses for disregard of the handicapped. Buildings should not be built, programs should not be established that are not accessible to the disabled individual. To do otherwise would be to commit a form of blatant and concrete discrimination.

The lives of the disabled are segregated from the rest of the populace. That division must be eradicated, and the onus rests with able-bodied mass to ensure that boundaries disappear. It is the least of our responsibilities to one another as human beings.

When this happens, more contact between able-bodied people and the handicapped will occur, dissolving more barriers and increasing understanding.

And finally, we will no longer have to ask the wheelchair bound person to explain, because we will understand, because he/she will be a visible and indelible member of our society. We will truly perceive that the lack of movement or control of limbs remains irrelevant to the strength of character and ability of a person. And we will not just treat such an idea, albeit true, as a well-worn and unevocative cliché.

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FILM

INNIS FILMS

NOV. 13: NEW GERMAN CINEMA:

CANADIAN PREMIERE OF ROSA VON PRAUNHEIM'S RED LOVE, DOUBLE BILLED WITH RAINER WERNER FASSBINDER'S FOX AND HIS FRIENDS

NOV. 20: SLOW DEATH DOUBLE BILL: SAM PECKINPAH'S STRAW DOGS AND ARTHUR PENN'S BONNIE AND CLYDE.

SCREENINGS: 7:00 PM AT INNIS TOWN HALL.

INFORMATION: JIM SHEDDEN, 978 7023 /4808.

THANKS: INNIS COLLEGE, INNIS COLLEGE STUDENT SOCIETY, THE GOETHE INSTITUTE, THE ONTARIO ARTS COUNCIL.

Giant reptiles helpless against alien onslaught!



By David Morris

Your universe is a concept, and you may not know it. You can't even complain about it to the Better Business Bureau, although the philosophy department may be able to help.

Imagine a chess board as a mini universe. The elements of this universe are the chess pieces, and there movements are controlled by the chess players. Now imagine that each of the chess pieces has a perfect

memory and the ability to reason and draw conclusions. Imagine that they can also perceive the locations of all the other chess pieces and the squares on which they rest. Further, qualify these two attributes by imagining that the chess men are only active during a properly played chess game, while they are not being touched by either players hand. Thus a chess man can perceive a change in position of any piece on the board, but cannot see the movements which occur in between positions. Now consider the thoughts of a chessman during a long game in which no pieces are taken off. It is possible that this chessman could deduce the laws of movement of the other pieces and of himself (that a knight moves in an "L" shape etc.). In order for the chessman to find out what is really happening however, he has to deduce the existence of the human players, of whom he does not know, and figure out their method of reasoning and intent in their manipulations of the chessmen. He has to deduce the meta-laws of movement of the game, which in this case are the actions of the human

players. If he were to do this, he would realize that the knight does not of necessity have to move in an "L" shape, but only does so because that is the only way it is moved by the players.

This thought experiment can now be used in drawing an analogy with our universe. We have numerous laws which describe the relations between events that we perceive. Highly structured and quantified examples of these are the laws of physics. The most familiar of these is the law of gravity, which in its simplest terms means that if you drop a fruit, an apple for example, it falls. It is logically possible to say that the apple is not really falling because of gravity. It is possible to conjure that some "player" turns off our brain, moves the apple closer to the ground, turns our brain back on and repeats the process until the apple bites the dust. We would then still perceive a continuous motion (if the "player" made fine enough adjustments), in much the same way that we perceive the motion in a film to be continuous. Because the "player" always makes the apple

drop in such a situation as this, and because we believe that there is a cause for the apple's movement from perceived moment to perceived moment which is inherent to the apple, the apple's situation and the fabric of the universe, we come to the conclusion that apples fall because of gravity. It may be the case that this only happens because of the "player". It should be noted that if the latter case is true then the "player" might have made the decision long ago that things should fall up, and we would now think it perfectly natural that things fall up, and this argument would be quite different (although no less insane -Ed) and I'd be having difficulty staying in my chair to type this.

So what? This hypothesis can be neither proved nor disproved, because of its very nature. And who is this "player" person anyway, and how much are they getting paid? There is an important conclusion, though and that is that the thought processes of this "player" are very important to determine. If they are known then the reason behind the whole can be found. A similar notion applies to most philosophical systems, where the reasoning of God would be valuable to obtain.

JUST A BUNCH OF FUCKIN' ARTS' STUDENTS

Fashion

By André Czegledy

If it is true, as some claim, that the spring season is the time for innovation and experimentation in anticipation of the coming fair weather, then it is equally true that the season of Fall is the time for introspection and a return to more sensible, classic clothing. Few women who have, or even pretend to have, some sense of La Mode, cannot but return in the Fall to designs which have successfully withstood the true test of fashion, the test of time. From among the almost countless designers and designs of the last century, one designer and one design stand out above all the rest in the final analysis. The designer is, of course, Gabrielle 'Coco' Chanel and it is her truly classic 'Chanel Suit' which has retained its timeless elegance, traditional ease, and distinctive freshness throughout its various interpretations from year to year.

Gabrielle Chanel was born in Saumur, France in 1883, and before her death at the age of 88 she was to become in her own time one of the greatest names in the history of fashion. In her early years she applied her creative genius to fashion as the proprietor of first hatshops and then a dress shop, in Paris — all provided by a string of wealthy and powerful lovers. Chanel's views on fashion and clothing were an extension of her strong-willed, sporty, simple, and trend-setting personal style. Her clothes were a direct reflection of her attitude to life; imbued with a distinct sense of authoritative styling, at the same time retaining her unique feminine touch. Until the advent of the Second World War when she made the political mistake of taking a German lover, Chanel concentrated on giving her clothes for women a certain practicality which suggested far in advance the assertiveness of women in the modern world of today.

With the end of the war, and herself accused of the crime of collaboration with the enemy, Chanel left France for exile in Switzerland. Not until her return in 1954 in order to open up a new establishment in the Rue Cambon, did France see her again. This return, it was felt at the time, would

further boost sales of her famous perfume Chanel No. 5, which she had launched in 1921 and transformed into the single most successful scent in the world. During the fifties, Chanel lived up to her now legendary reputation; returning to the world of fashion and gifting it with the single most classic 'look' in contemporary history.

This look incorporated several key components under its label of 'The Chanel Suit': the suit itself, in either jersey or soft tweed, most often trimmed and collarless; the bowed-front blouse; the black, toe-capped beige shoes; the Breton hat (or hair caught back with bow and/or flower); and the jewellery consisting of numerous strands of pearls and gold chains. In combination, these components added up to an elegant, assured and relaxed look which, to this day, is the epitome of the fusion of ease and sophistication in women's clothing.

Throughout the course of her life, Chanel's work focused on coupling the traditional values of womenswear with the strength and practical nature which so far was characteristic of only menswear before her time. Simplicity in styling, and the clean, pure lines of her design gave women a new image and a new assurance. Chanel's influence thus extended beyond the restricted boundaries of fashion itself. It is true that clothing was her vernacular, her vehicle of presentation for her philosophies, and that her influence is most apparent here, but what she influenced even more was the attitude of women to themselves — confidence from confident clothes.

Chanel was a leader, not just of female designers, or womenswear designers, but of her entire industry and art. In establishing the eminence (if not the preeminence) of the House of Chanel, she showed that women could be successful outside of their traditional sphere of work. Chanel, like her clothes, proved to forecast the changing role of women as social equals to men in the modern world, combining substance with style to produce excellence.

Short Story

By Jenny Farkas

A spider and a fly were heard heatedly arguing their existence, each trying to out justify the other.

"The fact that I am alive and functioning in as complex a world as this is reason enough", exclaimed the spider.

"Bullshit!", retorted the fly, "life is not a justification . . . millions of creatures on this planet are alive and yet do not appear to serve as a means to any end."

"There does not need to be a reason for existence, if you think about it", the spider moved higher up on her web before continuing, "we just are, and it is from this that we gain the momentum and drive to do things, to build webs, to marry, to strive to do good, to learn all that we can as quickly as we can, with insatiable hunger, for all too soon we die and must mourn in eternity the unfulfilled dreams and unfinished plans."

"I am not motivated on in life, as scum like yourself appear to be, by the sheer fact that I am here, alive

and kicking, as it were, and furthermore do not lump me in with those who find pleasure in life by simply conforming to prefabricated rules of conduct and morals and goals. I feel not the need to do all the acceptable things, to experience all that is 'worthwhile', I was not placed on this earth to simply be a fly in the crowd, just another blotch on the kitchen table. Either, in death by flyswatter or other natural or unnatural causes, I will be mourned for not fulfilling my purpose, or hailed for succeeding in my duty. I will not die in the knowledge that I have no purpose, no reason."

"No wonder nobody likes flies, they breed despair and spread the disease of apathy to all. It is those who think as you do now who don't even deserve to live in this marvelous social structure that God, in all his wisdom, gave us the knowledge to create. Who could want more than all that I have, I am content in my existence and find nary a speck of pity or sympathy in

my heart for types like you who can only ask, upon being fed the rich nectar of a new blossom, why am I here, what is my purpose, why do I have no control over the path that my life is following, why must I simply float along on this never ending stream with my only truism being that I will eventually die???"

The spider, enraged by this outcast, this scar on the face of society, paced back and forth in her web ranting and raving, and, in an attempt to spit a ball of spider juice in the fly's eye in absolute contempt, fell off her strand, hit the ground hard, and was killed. The fly buzzed around the corpse momentarily, and flew off happily. Now she had found a purpose to her life: to be the catalyst in the death of one solitary spider, and in this realization came a flood of relief . . . now she could die, for she had changed the world in her small fashion and need not exist any longer. *

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Review

Brechtfest Films Sadly Ignored

by Jim Shedden

Amidst all the theatre-going frenzy during the Brecht conference Innis College, the Cinema Studies committee and the Goethe Institute played host to one of the more low-key affairs of the conference, a symposium on Brecht and film.

Bertolt Brecht was born in 1898 and lived till 1956, writing provocative plays, poems, songs and drama theory. Brecht joined the Communist Party in 1929 but already in 1928, in his *Threepenny Opera* (a loose adaptation of Gay's *Beggar's Opera*), Brecht's Marxism was apparent. Brecht moved to East Germany in 1949 and stayed there till his death seven years later.

Brecht opposed the ruling Marxist aesthetic of his day, that of Socialist Realism, whose main exponent was Georg Lukacs. To grossly simplify a wildly complex aesthetic debate, bourgeois theatre theory (and narrative in general) tends to divert audiences away from their day-to-day problems. Lukacs argued that art should depict the sorry plight of the downtrodden masses, causing the audience to sympathize through processes of identification. Brecht argued, however, that art should provoke audiences to take action in a more didactic way; art should resist the devices of "realism", which are actually methods of bourgeois deception. Socialist realism, in other words, shared the same form as bourgeois art, despite its more proletarian-slanted subject matter.

One could catalogue a list of Brechtian devices (and, at times, the four academics who spoke at the symposium did little more than this). For example: distanciation (i.e. making the audience aware that they are witnessing an elaborate artifice, much the way Jerry Lewis does in *The Patsy*). Or playing down the importance of the subject matter,

often re-telling an old tale in a new light (Brecht does this with *Threepenny* and one of the films at the symposium, Syberberg's *Ludwig* re-examines nineteenth century European history in light of the Third Reich and "the Hitler in us"). One could talk about the use of the "untragic hero", the device whereby the artist produces "astonishment rather than empathy" (Walter Benjamin). Benjamin continues: "instead of identifying with the characters, the audience should be educated to be astonished at the circumstances under which they function". One could go on and on but I think it is erroneous to see Brechtian theatre and its application in film merely as a technique applied to an art practice. One might instead construct a Brechtian attitude which strives to continue to challenge the dominant political order and its aesthetic partners in crime.

The Brecht conference was a perfect excuse to show some rarely-seen European films (and *Threepenny Opera*, an adaptation that so outraged Brecht that he sued the producers in the name of the audience rights not artist rights) that were influenced by the Brechtian ethos. Did the organizers succeed? Partly, but one wishes there were more promotion of the films or, at least, better promotion. In the conference programme the films were listed after the academic session on the last day of the conference; beyond this sloppy listing and an announcement to film students in classes, there was virtually no promotion of the films, a shame, a waste of great screenings more than anything else. Audience turn-out reflected this poor promotion: despite the well-attended academic session (about three dozen people) the films were attended by between three (Fassbinder's

Bolwieser! The Stationmaster's Wife) and about a dozen (for Pabst). This was especially unfortunate during the Syberberg film because his films are so rarely shown and this film in particular (*Ludwig*) is not domestically distributed.

That aside, the screenings were excellent. *Ludwig* examines the nature of the aesthetic of kitsch and its relation to fascism, using many Brechtian devices (the meeting of historical culture and pop culture, distanciation through the use of flicker frames, extreme artifice and so on); "the cult of Hitler...also belongs to the aesthetic of kitsch" (Syberberg). Ultimately, in my possibly premature opinion, one of the most interesting films from possibly Europe's most under-rated filmmaker (under-rated, that is, by Europe).

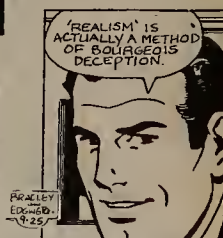
The choice of Fassbinder's *Bolwieser* puzzles me. Undeniably interesting, the film is hardly Brechtian. No radical breaks with form, no devaluation of the narrative, no formal irony; *Bolwieser*, which is better known as *The Stationmaster's Wife*, is actually an homage to melodrama (a la Sirk and Ophüls). Fassbinder had an ambivalent relation to this genre but I think in this film he is unproblematically adopting the genre. The film is Brechtian only insofar as one does not feel empathy towards *Bolwieser* despite his tortured life. One wonders why the programming committee did not choose from among the more obviously (and consciously) Brechtian works like *Veronika Voss* or *Fontaine Effi Briest*.

Godard's *Vent d'Est* was made during his most Marxist period politically and his most Eisensteinian period aesthetically. In it, he juxtaposes interludes of revolutionary

instruction (and often bad) puns with unrelated (content-wise) sequences concerning politically-correct cinema, bourgeois culture, Mao and Althusserian slogans. One member of the audience told me later that he thought the film stifled any kind of opposition, that it repeated its message in such a persistent way that it brainwashed the audience. I didn't have the heart to point out Godard's obvious response to this, that this is exactly what mainstream cinema does (does *Rambo* or *Top Gun* encourage opposition or rational, distanced decision-making?). Anyway, as Godard well knew, his films were mostly seen by academic, filmmakers, artists and so on, hardly the vulgar masses waiting to be brainwashed. In fact, Godard's late sixties/early seventies films often rely on a complex understanding of American politics, French Marxist philosophy (like the aforementioned Louis Althusser) and other areas of research out of the reach of the masses. Godard often regretted this fact but, in perfect Brechtian manner, he never loses sight of who his audience is at a given time in history.

Rocha's *Antonio das Mortes* (also called *O Santo Guerreiro Contra O Dragao Da Maldade*) draws on its audience's familiarity with Portuguese myth (obviously less so for us) and then Brechtianizes these myths to argue for an uprising of the marginalized in Brazil. The audience is not drawn into the film through character identification but in a very different way because of the camera frenzy. Michel Ciment has commented that "we are offered a cinema in a trance, with bouts of fever and sudden prostrations".

Saturday's academic conference analysed the impact of Brecht in four directions of film activity.



Hans-Bernd Moeller applied a fairly standard list of Brechtian devices to film to discover that Fassbinder and other filmmakers of *Das Neue Kino* group were influenced by Brecht (yes, this reviewer is weary). Renate Mohrmann traced Brecht's influence on feminist filmmaking, contributing to an explanation for the turn away from dull "theory" films (of the Wollen/Mulvey school) toward the entertainments of Von Trotta et al., seeing the shift as a move closer to Brecht. Our own Bart Testa's modest paper discussed how Rocha's and Makavejev's provincial surrealism went further than the mainstream of surrealism (Bunuel?) in transgressing realist codes and that this could be seen as a Brechtian agenda. Finally, the brilliant film scholar Thomas Elsaesser discussed Brecht's influence on contemporary film theory, especially that influenced by Lacanian psychoanalysis and all the attendant problems of this influence (e.g. the utter irreconcilability of Brecht and Lacan).

Overall, while poorly attended the film sessions of the Brecht conference provided a provocative alternative look at the influence of Brecht. The general feeling of those who attended both the theatre and the film sessions is that Brecht's importance for film is much less disputed that it is for theatre, an interesting observation if nothing else.

The Cinema We Have: Rumblings From The 'Other' Canadian Film

By Michael Hoolboom

I guess by now you've read it in the newspapers, worn the button, shrunk the T-shirt and blown out the balloon. There's a big debate flapping now around Canadian cinema — what is it? Why is it so awful? What is it supposed to do? — and for the first time the prodigal child of Canadian film, sometimes called "experimental" film, is entering the fracas. For years we've watched as neighbors turned up hours early for screenings of the French new wave, Czech new wave, the new German cinema, the New York Underground, the Invisible cinema of New Zealand, standing for hours to catch a glimpse of this brave new cinema from abroad. And all the while their neighbors, the proverbial boy and girl next door, are fashioning film from the same kind of raw stuff that others made accountants out of, or pencil salesmen or eraserheads. And through all this talk of a Canadian cinema, of corporate mandates and task forces, I think there's a simpler way to see it, as a question of our Canadian light, the light we all look into.

Now when you take a film like *Meatballs*, *Meatballs* isn't about light, it's about money. The ordering of the images and the content of those pictures follow the order and content of the money. It's no accident when you take a look at who owns all of the big movie studios in America that it's the same people who make light bulbs, potato chips and baseball bats. Because for

them it's the same thing. When you pick up the Globe to read about the movies they have this list — *Rambo* 8.2 million, *Crocodile Dundee* 6.5 million — and the same people who make the ad campaigns for that cordless vibrator you've been hearing so much about (And now, from the folks who gave you Pearl Harbour, the *Rambo* wireless. It cuts, dices, grates, mulches. . .) are also shoveling out the glossy oxy-morons that cover our images. What's behind this thinking of course is that everyone is really the same, that deep down in the darkest heart of hearts of each of us there lurks a popcorn junkie with the same feelings and thoughts and wonderings; all of us deep down together sucking on the tits of big mama Hollywood content to watch while the same goddamn story, told and retold, makes that small point seem real. A friend of mine said that if business were art we'd have paid admission to the Eaton's Centre. And I wonder about that, whether our darkest thoughts are little more than some accountant's fantasy. Is this the cinema we've waited for, worked for?

So this native squack, this experimental film thing, where does it go when it goes? Always to the same place? Or always to another place in the same way? If these images "look" different, it's in part because they're not trying to sell you anything. A lot of the finest artists working in the world today are filmmakers, Canadian filmmakers,

and there's not one of them that makes a living from it. Not one. But that hasn't stopped a whole lot of people from occupying their lives with that light, and turning their most deeply felt convictions into the shadowplays of Canada's 'other' cinema.

Now something happens to a person when they start off for that Canadian light. And I've often heard stories from my friends about "it's so long" or "it's so grainy" or "why doesn't she use a tripod" or "my retinas feel like they're going to drop out, goddamn." So maybe it's the difference between getting a whiter white in your bathtub and learning about plumbing. The white is something you buy but the plumbing is something you're in to, it becomes a part of you, you have a feeling for the whole system instead of just turning on the tap. Everyone lives very fast now, just think back on what you've done today: rocketed to 60 mph in a metal can under ground, passed maybe fifty stores that represent 100 people's lives and hopes, got hit up for change by a guy who's drinking himself to death, talked with your mother over two hundred miles of cable, flushed your shit into Lake Ontario . . . So sometimes these filmmakers have to hold things up for a minute, they want to hold their attention on something small so you can see the changes, and maybe watching this bit of drama that's a hundred times slower than life (because these light lookers perform home made miracles

with their tools) or a hundred times faster (one filmmaker sees so fast he swears he can see the little black line in between the film frames while it races by at 24 frames a second) you're face to screen with a world you've never seen before, only you've walked through it a thousand times or more. And if you stick around, and keep on the look out for this light, you see that all these changes happening to the world we know isn't the result of some weird new lens or camera trick, but it's coming out of some new idea of what it means to live in this world, in our world here today. So what's at stake when you're watching an 'experimental' film isn't watching some shiva put her camera through the boops but the risk you take when your feet are completely off the ground. May Deren was an American 'experimental' filmmaker and she said that making these kind of films was like the cartoon characters you see who are so intent on catching up with something they run right off the edge of a cliff. And for a split second, before they realize what they've done, they hover there in the air having completely passed the limit of where they can go.

As a filmmaker I start with everything in the world: with the back of a face, a stairwell, a map, the light of the water. My camera never stops at its subject. It never says, "No, not this one, this is too much for me" or "I'd like to think about this first" or "I'm too tired now." So as a filmmaker or a viewer

of the film you always begin in the same place, with everything, with every image and from there you have to make a selection, a choice. For me, filmmaking isn't so much an act of tracing or making likeness but a composition thing, an arrangement of parts, a relationship. And the choices you make in deciding to put one thing next to another is a question of politics, not applying some tried and truism but changing the way you talk to people, of how you express your feelings, of how to live together. It's realizing that some are waiting to be carried out, and that this chimera, this possibility of another life lived might begin here, with an image.

Believe it or not these kinds of films and this kind of filmmaking have been a regular fixture in Toronto for years now. In fact, Toronto boasts the only theatre devoted exclusively to the running of these kinds of films: it's called the Funnell, and they're at 507 King St. East. They have a special reduced rate for students. You can find out what's going on by calling 364-7003. Also the Art Gallery of Ontario, on Dundas St., is also running experimental films every other Thursday until November 27 (films start at 7 pm.). And lest we forget, The Innis Film Society is ALSO running experimental films on Thursday nights, for listings have a look at any nearby poster area. Maybe I'll see you at the movies.

BUT ONLY IF WE ARE.

PAUL GLANCED UP TO SMILED...
I'LL BE THROUGH WITH THIS TWO-GU...
HOMEBRE IN A MINUTE (KATHERINE...
ROCK'N'ROLL IS HERE TO STAY, ...

The Pop Scene III

by Paul Della Penna

Beaucoup de merde this month—no surprise. Ho-hum. But I persist...tiredly, doggedly...suffering for my craft. For I alone recognize the importance of my thankless undertaking: chronicling the collapse of our civilization through a survey of its refuse and excess. Voila:

TALKING HEADS — Wild, Wild Life

Back in my day it was called 'selling out', now it's called 'bridging the gap between high art and mass culture'. Same thing, different spelling. Taken from "Rock's Renaissance Man's" directorial debut, this cute bit of fluff reveals that beneath the hip veneer of the Soho aesthetic lies a smarmy sensibility and intelligence not so far removed from the white trash it simultaneously denigrates and celebrates. No, that's the movie. The video is just mindless pap.

PETERA CETERA and AMY GRANT — The Next Time I Fall in Love

I do not wish terrible things upon Mr. Cetera or Miss Grant—they are probably very nice people with good intentions, who genuinely believe their music is of some importance to the rest of us. If however, they do fall in love, and marry, I hope their children are hideously deformed.

HUMAN LEAGUE— Human My, doesn't Phil Oakey's haircut look intensely stupid? Real humans don't look this way or sing such trite, banal love songs. Should've stuck with the eternal fame as one-hill wonders, kids.

Ummm....
FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD — Rage Hard

Remember the Gay Invasion of '85? Frankie, Bronski Beat, The Smiths, Dead or Alive? Whatever happened to good ol' fashioned wickedness and *epater le bourgeoisie*? The packaging's still great, but the song rages as hard as Jerry Falwell's dick. Definitely a case of PMS (Post-Modern Syndrome). Leave the disjunctive text-and-image bombardment to proper performance artists and filmmakers, lads. More sex and violence are necessary if you want to make another album.

HUEY LEWIS AND THE NEWS — Stuck With You

Terrifying.
Don't think I could think of anything in the universe more horrific than being stuck on a deserted island with Mr. Dimple.

DOCTOR AND THE MEDICS — Spirit in the Sky

This Jesus-freak cheerleading song is still great, and they deserve credit for re-discovering it—but that is the extent of my admiration. Just what the world needs—another British novelty band with groovy threads, wacky hair-dos, a cheeseey promo vid, and a record contract.

COREY HART-I'll Be By Your Side

The Pouty One stars in this mini-epic about an alienated construction worker who's just been laid off, and retreats to the hills at sunset to belt out a searing lament. Spare me. Corey is just so cute and Canadian to boot, it's a shame he's **ABSOLUTE EVIL INCARNATE.**

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Art stress

By Stuart Ross

Writ 17, 1986, \$5.00

Editor/Designer: Roger Greenwald
Associate Editor: Richard Lush

I received a copy of this magazine for review a few weeks ago. I glanced through it, read a few poems, looked at the contents, then lost it. Copy deadline approached and I had to get something on paper. This is what I wrote:

Federal legislation must be passed immediately to limit the size of Canadian literary mags. The main problem with these things is that, generally, as they hit about 30 pages or so, they all start to seem exactly the same.

I'm not saying that *Writ* is as non-descript as *Waves* or *Scrivner* by any means. But it has difficulty in developing any kind of personality. You can almost feel it fighting against becoming a homogenous blob. *Writ* does have the benefit of not being run by an 'editorial board'. It has the possibility of reflecting one person's vision — something that makes the great literary magazines great.

The magazines I'm talking about don't come out of Canada, although there have been a few exceptions. The American literary scene, though grotesquely overrun with utter garbage, has a few great literary dictators putting out a few great magazines. I'm talking about Jack Skelley's now-defunct *Barney: The Stone-age Magazine* (he had the good sense to kill the big, glossy wonderful thing after four fine issues, lest it become stale and repetitive); and Kenward Elmslie's extremely irregular *Z* magazine, where we can find the likes of Ashbery, Brainard, Padgett, et. al.; and John M. Bennett has created an amazing, sick universe in the pages of *Lost and Found Times* (which is starting to wane, much like Bennett's own writing). There are others. But what they have in common is that

they each present a unique world-vision — there isn't that random feeling of 'this is the best we could put together this time around'.

In most fat, fairly snazzily produced literary magazines like *Writ*, you can expect maybe 10 percent good stuff, another 20 percent that should kick around the workshop (or the author's head) for a while longer, and then a bland glut of redundant filler.

Now imagine a 24 page issue: you wouldn't have to slog through all that time-consuming mashed potato to get to the shards of competence. The content would probably reflect an editorial perspective (the editor relieved of having to pad the thing so that it looks like a 'real' lit-mag). And there might even be the feeling that the editor is trying to do something other than just run another literary rag.

I don't know much about editor Roger Greenwald, but I know that Richard Lush served time on *Poetry Toronto*, the complacent spam (it should be a spasm) of the literary world, and that he was nominated for a Governor General's Award for Poetry. Those are pretty scary credentials...

At this point in my lost-magazine review, I began to flounder, but when I got off the subway and got home, I luckily stumbled upon my missing *Writ*. And so, with the deadline converging on me like a terrifying flock of winged monkeys, I read the magazine. And here's what I discovered:

It's better than I had expected. Almost one half of the magazine is devoted to Kate Fraser's short story, "Shadow's Fire", which is probably the best thing in the issue. This story of non-conformity in a religious small town has some very powerful scenes. It also has a lot of metaphoric excesses, and an ending that doesn't quite live up to its build

up — one of those quiet, reflective endings that are becoming Canadian trademarks. The narrative tries out for simplicity but Fraser tries to infuse too much 'meaning' into the story, instead of letting the action speak for itself. But there are some very interesting characters and a nice adscence of the sort of affectations that spoil much of the work appearing in magazines of this kind. There isn't much else, prose-wise, of interest here, except Pamela Brandt's "Louise in Charlestown", nicely understated piece about a black family moving into a 'white neighborhood'. Silvia Falsaperla's "Blue Mountain, Ontario" and Patricia Phenix's "The Make-Up Case" are pretty awful though, and their inclusion makes one wonder just how fluke the presence of the good stuff may be.

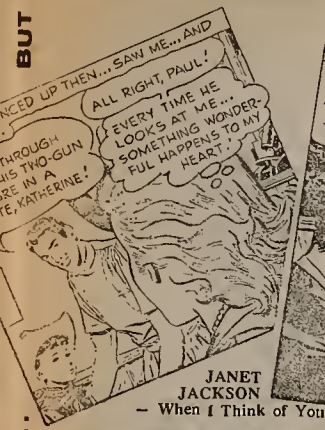
The poetry is mainly the usual fodder, although Joel Sloman's "Messies" stands out. His other works included are overly wordy. The issue could have done without Jeffrey Zable's second rate Russel Edson imitations, but Dorina Michelutti's prose-poem, "Father", is a nice contribution, beginning "You build yourself around her dreams. You grow with the layers of skin that the five thousand houses you hammer together progressively kill."

So, anyhow, it's an okay read, but the Kate Fraser piece should have been reworked a bit more and then published on its own, and the rest should have been cut down to a couple dozen pages. But don't believe me, because I have no ethics and may even have handed in this review without having found the magazine.

Stuart Ross is the editor of *Dwarf Puppets On Parade* and regularly sells his self-published poetry and fiction on Yonge St.

BUT ONLY IF WE ARE.

ROCK'N'ROLL IS HERE TO STAY,...



BELINDA CARLISLE

— Whatever

In the words of our terminally sexist editor, and I quote: "Hey, review that new one by Belinda Carlisle — who give's a fuck about the song — wouldn't you like to jump her bones?" How can a proper rock video editor raise his craft to the dignity it deserves with a superior who espouses such views?

Yes, I hated everything here, but that's my privilege and I'm not a nice person anyways. Ta-ta till next month. Yours,....

DON'T WORRY... IT'S THE END OF HISTORY

When I think of you, Janet I am impressed by your genuine vocal talent and classy moves. When I think of your music, the amount of money that went into the lavish ghetto street-party set in this video, and the bazillions of dollars you're cashing in on your families' name, bile rises up my throat.

WANG CHUNG-Everybody Have Fun Tonight

Yeah---everybody have fun tonight--- everybody Wang Chung!!! Whoa!!! Yeah!!! Party-time!!!! Ooooo-wheeee!!! yip-yip-yahoo!!! Are we having fun yet? What a futile expenditure of human energy. You think the machine-gunfire editing here is impressive? Hand me the splicer, boys, I'll show you how to edit this.

ARETHA FRANKLIN—

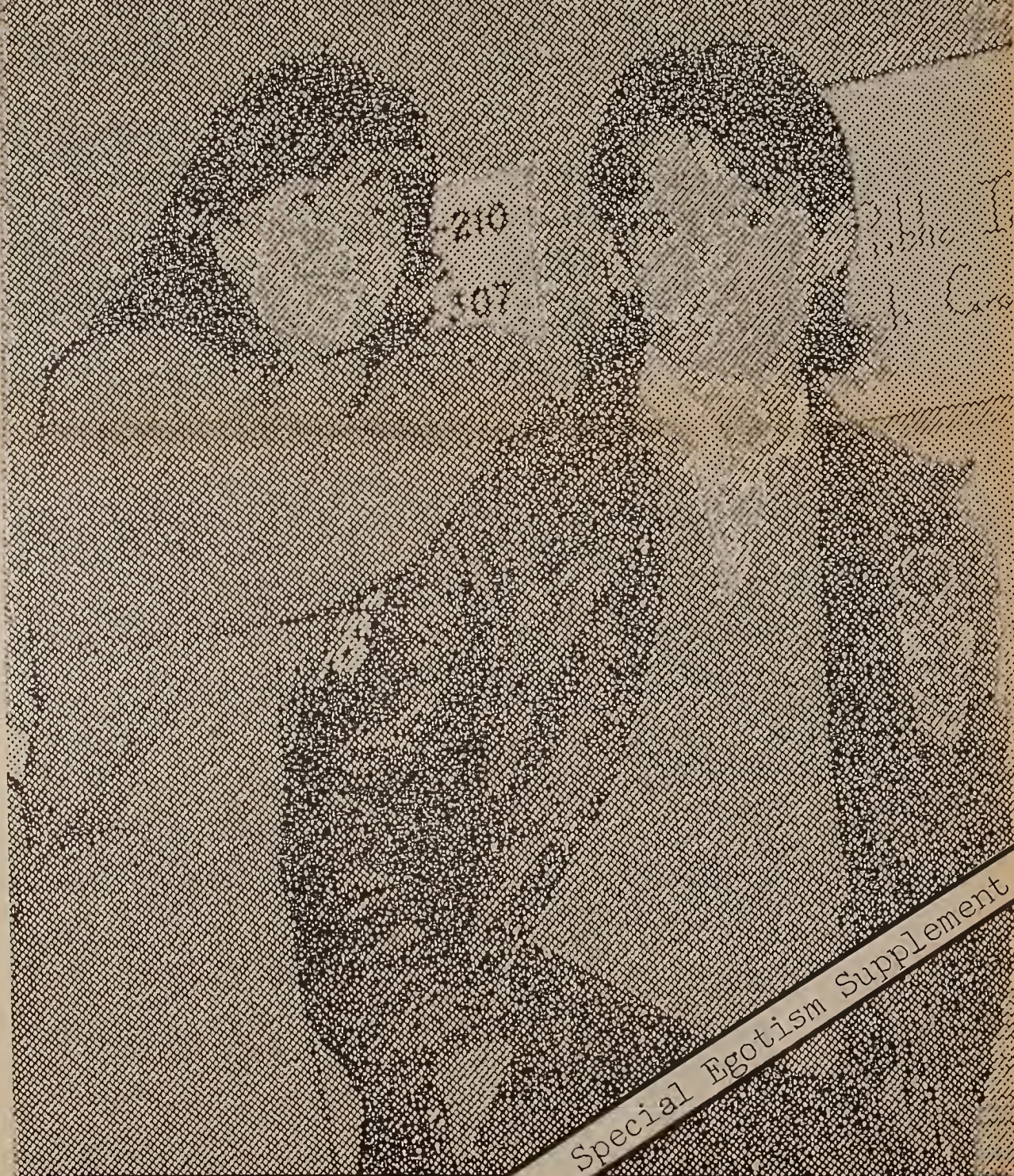
Jumpin' Jack Flash
Aetha Franklin? And Keith Richard? Covering the Stones' classic? No, can't be — should be amazing. With Whoopi Goldberg? For the film of the same name? Directed by Penny Marshall?

Irresponsible Journalism

Ellen

Art

looking good



Special Egotism Supplement

Across

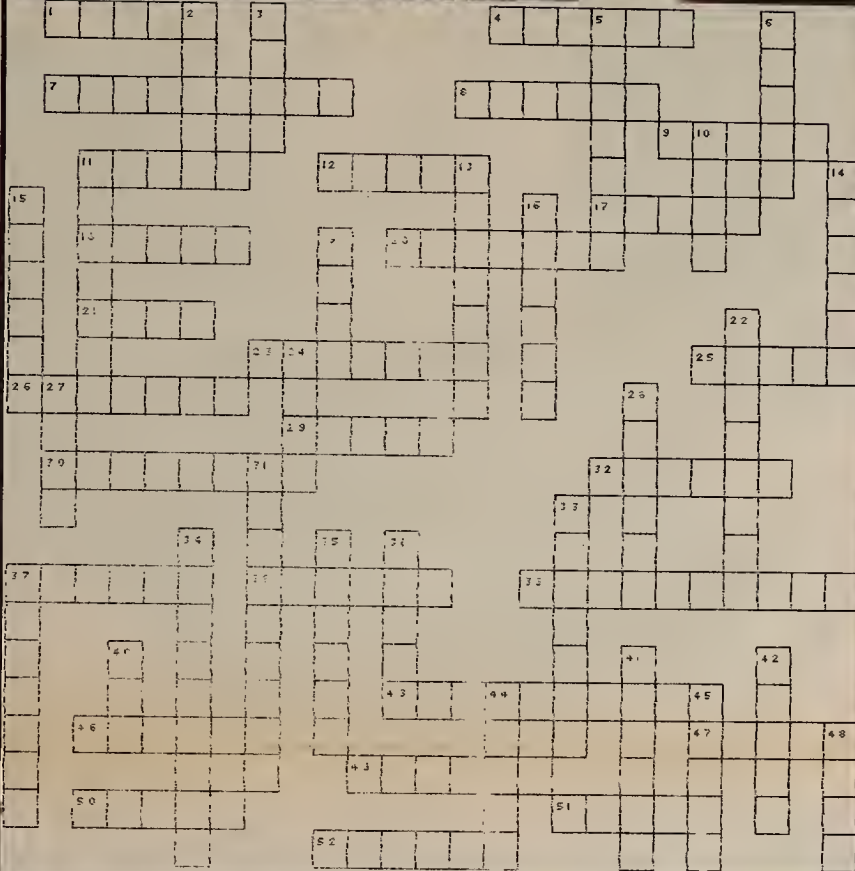
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28 fire breather
31 slated
33 secret
34 now members
35 horse breed
36 danger
37 urged into action
40 Peer Gynts mother
41 testy
42 Roman judge
44 insertion mark
45 Elmo for one
48 night fliers

Crossword

By Fuzz



Wieland Delights Audience

by Jim Shedden

On Oct. 30, Innis Film Society patrons were treated to the refreshing films and recollections of one of Canada's most celebrated artists, Joyce Wieland.

Wieland began her career in the late fifties as a commercial artist, working in animation. By 1958 she was making her own films working in fairly loose collaboration with her (now ex-) husband Michael Snow, probably Canada's most accomplished experimental filmmaker.

Wieland's most famous film work is her structural pieces, including *Sailboat*, 1933 and *Solidarity*, which was shown at Innis. In *Solidarity* Wieland filmed the feet of striking workers at the Dare cookie factory in 1974, superimposing the word "solidarity" on the image continuously through the film. This superimposition actualizes itself in the film, obviously by the images (the feet of strikers and supporters and the occasional glimpse of a placard) but also by the soundtrack, a collage of sounds from the picket area (readings from the workers' poem "Solidarity" chants and insults like "don't buy Dare cookies cuz they're no bloody good"). Wieland commented that her aim was to provide a new way of seeing so that she avoided making yet another film about a strike (there were other filmmakers there doing just that).

In *Peggy's Blue Skylight*

(1962) Wieland filmed the various goings-on at the New York loft she shared with Michael Snow. Accompanied by a jazz soundtrack by Wieland's friend Paul Bley, *Peggy* is itself as disjointed as jazz. In not being a highly pre-structured film, it differs greatly from the Canadian avant-garde mainstream of Snow and David Rimmer, what one might call the anal-retentive school of filmmakers. *Peggy* (named after her cat, whose point-of-view we are presumably being treated to in the film) is more like the American filmmaking of Stan Brakhage and Jonas Mekas. In the editing Wieland constructs a coherent work (though not unified by a common "point-of-view", achieved through traditional methods of filmic construction) but the filming itself is improvisational.

Wieland admitted to not having read much Brakhage but her own film concerns seem quite similar to Brakhage's desire to use film to reawaken our rich consciousness, a consciousness dulled by modernity. Wieland revealed this romantic sensibility when, in response to current feminist and postfeminist considerations of her work (cf. Kass Banning and Kay Armatage), she chided theory for having "nothing to do with seeing". Wieland is not being a philistine; rather she is concerned that much aesthetic theorizing often contributes to the deadening effects of modernity,

failing to recognize art's potential to broaden our ways of seeing. I think her film *Birds at Sunrise* (also shown at Innis) is especially strong in this regard. Beginning with a Hebrew reading of the 23rd Psalm, the proceeds to reveal the microuniverse of fowl creatures, revealing and celebrating nature as ineffable.

Wieland's commentary on her films is rather provocative. Regarding her often eccentric subject-matter (gerbils in *Rat Life* and *Diet in North America*, cats in *Catfood* and *Peggy's Blue Skylight* and her kitchen in both *Peggy* and the brilliant *Water Sark*), Wieland commented that men often could not handle her films because "there wasn't enough stuff in them".

The Innis film night was, unfortunately, only enough to wet an aesthete's appetite. Some of her strongest work (like the collaborative piece she did with the late Hollis Frampton, *A&B In Ontario*) was sadly absent from the programme. Fortunately, this April the Art Gallery of Ontario is having a retrospective of Wieland's work where art fans will be treated to a look at probably all of Wieland's films as well as her embroidery, quilting, painting, drawing and so on. Kay Armatage, currently on a one year leave of absence from Innis, is currently completing a documentary about Wieland for the retrospective.

INNIS PARTIES

NOV. 21 DEC. 5

8:00 PM IN THE INNIS PUB.

INFORMATION? CALL CASSIE RIVERS AT 978 7368



ICSS: Office Hours We Got

Ellen Ladowsky, President
Martha MacEachern, V.P. Services
Matt McGarvey, V.P. Gov't
Mary Campbell, Treasurer
Vicky Zelins, Women's Athletic Rep.
Bruce Tarr, Men's Athletic Rep.
Cassie Rivers, Social Rep.
Michelle Bailey, Farm Rep.

Thursday 3-5 pm
Wednesday 11-noon
Monday 9-11 am
Tuesday 3-4 pm
Wednesday 1-2 pm
Wednesday 1-2 pm
Tues. & Thurs. 1-2 pm
Tuesday 2-3 pm

Sport



Photo by Richard Lautens

Women's Athletics

By Vicky Zeltins

How about those Innis women? The women's teams have shown incredible strength in both their participation numbers and their win-loss records. The flag football team has been the most remarkable of all. Not only have its members completed passes but they've scored touchdowns, won games and placed second in the league during regular season play. The semi-finals played at 7:20 am on Fri., Oct. 31 were however not to prove lucky for Innispiration.

While everyone did make it on time for the game and they had 11 players to start, the game did not fall in their favour. Innis lost to Law by only 1 fluke touchdown. The team however has placed in the top 4 overall and should be congratulated for a season well played. Thanks from the team to Coach Lautens and his "helpers". They did make a difference. An honourable mention to all players for a terrific season and a warning for the other teams—you ain't seen nothing yet!

QB's Jenny Farkas and Vicky Zeltins will return as will wide receivers Mary Campbell, Andrea Lennox, Anna Marie Batelaan, Chris Horvath, Martha MacEachern and Sally Kerwin and short receivers

Ellen Gazzola, Michelle Bailey & Cassie Rivers. Thanks also to Stephanie Kee and Liz Nemchin for their contributions during the season.

The basketball team is also vying for glorious fame and distinction as it emerges from its first season of play with a 2-2 record and 3 games left to play. The chances of playoffs for this team led by Captain Meris Williams are great. Coach Mark Parisotta has every confidence that with a trifle more exerted concentration the team can win a playoff berth.

Innis College also had women playing on the soccer team, the Dills, and the Pool team in the innertube waterpolo league. While the Pool team did not have a wonderful turnout, the Dills managed to place ninth in a league of fifteen teams. The women are pleased with this year's performance and are looking forward to even greater things next year.

The winter teams are looking promising. Volleyball has started with Coaches Andrea Lennox and Martha MacEachern both being excited about the new season. The Screaming Beagles, the team's name, has had 2 practices thus far

and when asked about the turnout Lennox and MacEachern both shouted "Great!". They also tied their 2 pre-season games and are planning on winning all their regular season games. The Beagles are looking forward to winning that coveted first place in Division 1. With Lennox and MacEachern leading the Beagles anything is possible.

Not wanting to give the impression that everything is hunky-dorey, a report of the hockey team must be included. In past years Innis has combined with UC and Music to register a team in the league. This year, however, is different.

UC has supplied Innis with the equipment but no players. Music likewise has shown little interest. Due to this and the fact that we have minimal support for the game within the College, any women wanting to play hockey have been put in a player's pool and will be playing with another team. If you are one of these women and you have not yet signed up see me soon for a form. The season begins this week and hopefully we'll have a good standing with whatever team(s) we end up playing with.

The Agony Of Defeat

By David Raphael

Thus the season ended... but more about that later. When we last talked the Innis Royals had a 2-0-0 record. Four games later, the regular season over, the Royals stood 3-1-2. The mudbowl against Wallberg ended in a 1-1 draw. Roger scored the Innis point, and Giovanni played a super game in goal. The next match was a 4-0 thrashing of Phy. Ed. Darko headed in two lovely goals off corners. Our next game saw our undefeated record fall as pharmacy (who finished first in the division) scored a cheap goal to win 1-0. In our final game against Devonshire, we built up a 2 goal lead but a valiant Devo, attack late in the game led to a 2-2 draw.

When the smoke cleared Innis was in third place and playoff bound. We faced a team of Bowels from Meds. After the first half there was no score. After the second half, no change. Two 10 minute overtime halves failed to produce a decision. The game moved to a set of penalty shots, 5 for each team. The score was still tied after this, so sudden death penalty shots were used to determine the outcome. Final score 5-4 Meds.

We showed a great deal of skill and hard work from the goal out. It will be very difficult to pick an MVP this year. Several players gave great performances throughout the season. You did our college proud. Thank you.

Sports



Notices

-All women interested in playing badminton please attend a short information and registration meeting Thurs., Nov. 6 at 1 pm.

-A skating night sponsored by the ICSS will be happening soon. Keep your eyes peeled for more information. And, get your skates sharpened now.

-Athletic Sweatshirts are available for all interested persons. They will be on sale next week for \$23. They will be sold on a first come first serve basis unless you placed an order.



By Bruce Tarr

Good morning boys and girls. I'll just lower the drawbridge and let you in. Now look up.... waay up.... and that's where you'll find the Innis men's fall teams in the standings.

All three teams made the playoffs. This is neat! And all this post season action is just a short walking distance from your favorite college.

Your uniformless rugby squad will be making a stab at division II supremacy on Saturday, Nov. 8 at 10:30 am. Tackle football is awaiting

-Due to a shortage at the manufacturers, the rugby shirts will not be available until mid-December. We apologize for any inconvenience.

-Anyone interested in getting more experience with hockey, volleyball or basketball is asked to sign up as a referee in the Rec Office in the Athletic Centre. Other positions are available and no experience is necessary. The coaching staff will hold seminars to teach you all you need to know.

Men's Athletics

the results of its last regular season game before the time, date, and unfortunate opponent can be named. Soccer was unfortunately defeated by Meds. in their playoff match.

One more thing. Who out there plays waterpolo? Innis is the defending waterpolo champions and is in danger of not fielding a team this year. We must defend our championship, whatever the cost may be. So please sign up.

I have to leave now. But there is a rocking chair which one of you can rock in. And here is a big arm-chair, that two of you can curl up in.

The Crew

By William Fountain & Vicky Zeltins

The Ontario Rowing finals were held on Sat., Nov. 1 and Innis was fortunate enough to have 3 people participating. Eaton Donald was on the novice crew that finished 3rd overall. Our other 2 rowers were also on a novice crew. The shell that Grant Roughly and Keith Archer rowed on placed 5th. Given more time to train it was felt that they had the potential to do more. Congrats on a well rowed season and we look forward to hearing more about your efforts next year.

POST-MODERNISM

By Mark Parisotto

Basketball season is upon us once again and it looks interesting for the men's team. So far, their record is 1-1 with the one loss being potentially disastrous for the remainder of the season. In the loss, Eaton Donald and William Fountain, who are the team's outstanding rebounders, were providing awesome coverage under the boards, while Mark Parisotto was providing most of the offence with 22 points in the game. However Eaton sprained his ankle with 8 minutes left in the game, and William did the same in the last 3 seconds. Needless to say

without these players the team is going to have to work harder to maintain its standings. It is not known when the injured players will return to the line-up.

The rookies are doing well so far, showing their ability to play with and against anyone in the league. Their performance in future games is essential to the teams league standing.

Team representative Mark Parisotto and pseudo coach Jillian Matte, wish William and Eaton a speedy recovery and the best of luck to the team



Morning Special:
Coffee With Muffin, Danish or Croissant
8:30 — noon \$1.00

Hot Entrees

Homemade *Chunky* Soups

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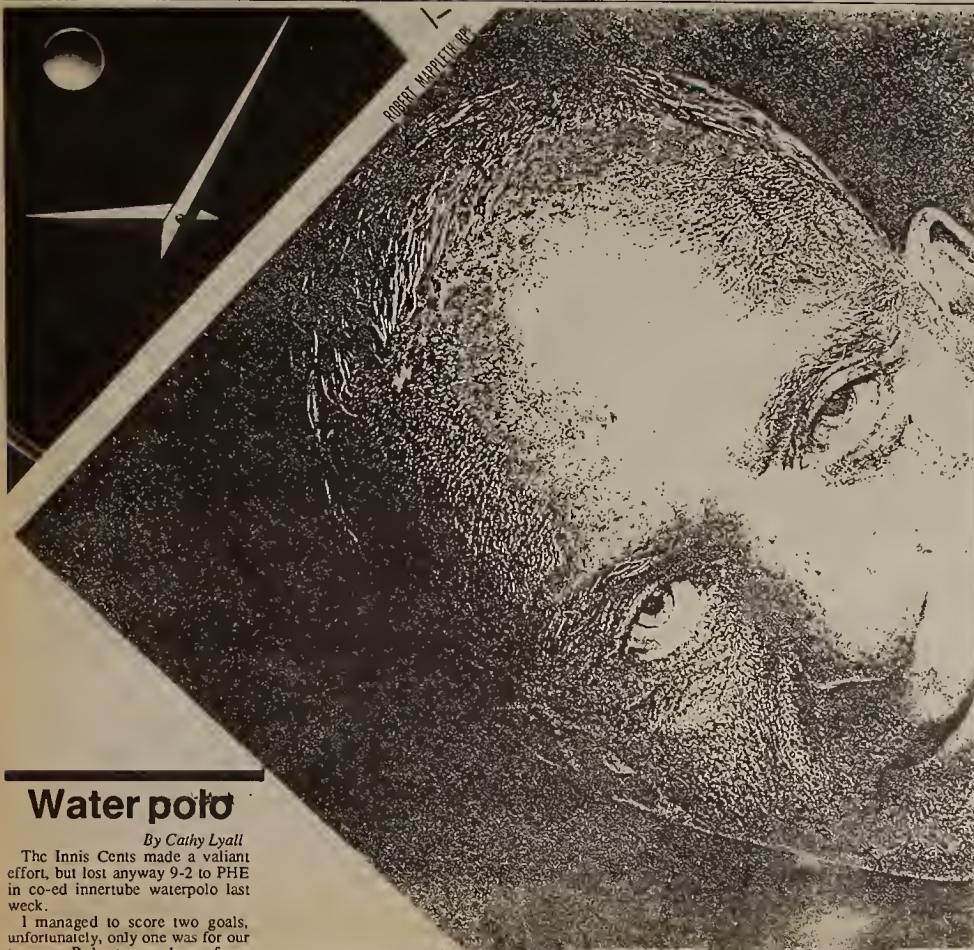
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FOX & HIS FRIENDS
THANKS TO THE COOPER INSTITUTE

Water polo

By Cathy Lyall

The Innis Cents made a valiant effort, but lost anyway 9-2 to PHE in co-ed innertube waterpolo last week.

I managed to score two goals, unfortunately, only one was for our team. Robert saved us from complete embarrassment with extraordinary goal tending, and David Morris got us off to a good start scoring our first goal early in the first period. Our defeat is not completely unexplainable; Phys Ed is a mean team and kept yelling at us about the rules. Besides, everybody on our team wears glasses and we had only six players, who all played courageously for the entire game.

Games are on Monday evenings, so please come out and lend us a hand.

Tide Update

By Greg Sutton

As the men's Division II football season comes to an exciting climax on the weekend of November 8th this year's edition of the Crimson Tide will be going through preparations for the playoffs. The Tide has already completed its campaign, compiling a record of 4-1, good enough to lock up a spot in post-season play.

Behind its solid, league-leading defense, which allowed only 28 points in 5 games, and a continually

improving offense, scoring 60 points in regular season play, the Tide rebounded from a disappointing 19-0 thrashing at the hands of New College in the season opener, to win 4 in a row including a 17-1 demolition of the black-robed lads from Trinity.

The players are looking forward to their run at the Mulock cup. Be a supportive fan and come "Ride the Tide" to the championship (Rah, rah, rah —Ed)

Co-ed Athletics



By Andrea Lennox & Andre Czegledy

Co-ed sports are alive and well at Innis College. One indicator was the great participation in volleyball. Scores (and scores!) of people showed up for the 12 game season and despite our great enthusiasm only one game was won.

On a cold fall Sunday in October(!), Innis challenged SAC to a touch football game with flag football rules. SAC defaulted but in our true spirit of participation, Innis loaned some key players to SAC. A mistake? You betcha big guy! SAC won, oh well.

For all you hotshots who missed the early fall season, your opportunities to get involved await you. Curling and innertube waterpolo have begun, but that's okay, Andrea and Andre will still let you play if you are interested.

HOCKEYMANIA

By Alex Russell

It looks like the Flames just might have a chance after all. Last spring, when the top brass of the Innis Flames announced their decision to move the franchise up into division 2, the move was met with heavy skepticism from analysts of the hockey scene. Experts were heard to mutter such profundities as, "Get their butts kicked" and "have about as much hope as a virgin on a rugby pitch." But after 3 games in the competitive Div. 2, the Flames are playing 500 hockey (with a record of 1-1-1), and while they might not seem so spectacular, 2 of those 3 games have been against what many of the same experts figured to be the 2 best teams in the league—Scarborough and PHE.

Meanwhile, the division 3 team has chalked up an impressive 3-0 record and his established itself as a serious contender as well. So, f.o. to the experts.

On Sunday, the division 2 Flames skated to a 2-2 tie with Scarborough. Holding a 2-1 lead with only 5 minutes remaining, it was a game the Flames could have won. A seemingly endless parade to the penalty box however, cost the team in the end. Scarborough was

able to convert a power play opportunity in the last few minutes.

Both Innis goals were scored by rookie Rob Stanley who has been a standout performer this season. His second goal was the result of a nifty series of passes, the last of which was a brilliant set-up from Jim Risk. Stanley's first goal came on a slap shot from just inside the blueline.

Unfortunately, strong positional play can't be considered to be one of the Flame's strong points. In fact, many observers have noted that in their own end the Flames are "sucky-poo city." On the positive side, the team has some other promising rookies in Greg Sutton, Allan Zosche and Rob Sharples.

Some of the Flames veterans are off to a slow start this season (we won't mention any names here), but others such as goalie Mike Didden and the speedy Artie Hanks have put in strong performances. Winger Eric Lee has also shown considerable improvement and scored a goal in a losing cause to PHE.

All in all, there seems to be some fine raw talent on this year's squad and we should be in for an exciting season.



Photo by Richard Lautens

Men's Rugby Glory bound

By Richard Marcovitz

The rugby team has finished its season in third place with a 3-2-1 record and a playoff berth. In its second year of existence the team managed to avoid the pitfalls of defaulting and playing without a full string which plagued the 1985 season. Most of the eligible players returned bringing 8 newcomers with them. Although there have been a few injuries, most games were played with a full string and substitutes.

The season started slowly with the team losing 2 games and tying 1 but gradually steady improvement occurred as the players got to know one another better. The team finished

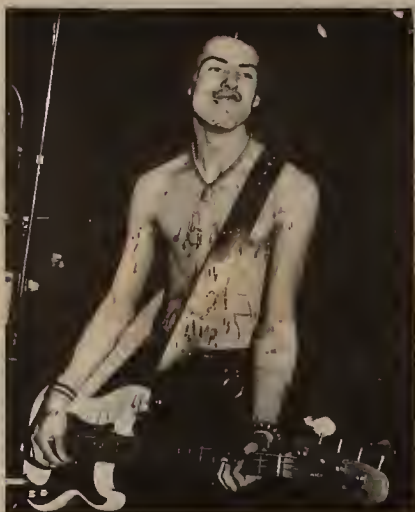
the season strongly by winning its last 3 games. Excellent performances have come from the team with Mitch Chang, Jim Risk and Peter Pacak leading the way. All team members have improved their game over the course of the season.

With the team's strong player turnout and playing style, plus a lot of enthusiastic fan support, 1986 has been a very successful year. The 1st playoff game's time and location will be posted on the chalk board for all interested fans. Upon winning that game, the finals are Nov. 12 at 3:15 pm. Both games are to be played at UC back campus and all fans are welcome.

FUZZ SAY



Suck My Ruby Red



TALENTED?

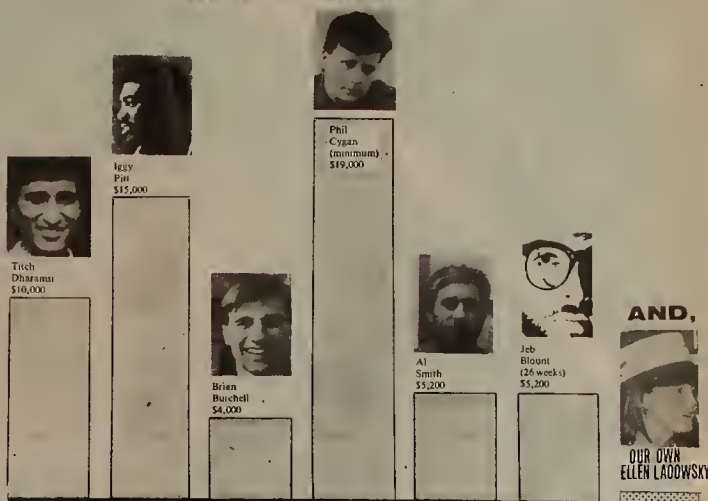
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fill (fill) vt 1. To supply (a container, space, etc.) with as much of something as can be contained. 2. To supply fully, as with food. 3. To occupy or pervade the whole of. 4. To stop up; plug; to fill a tooth. 5. To supply what is indicated as (an order, prescription, etc.). 6. To satisfy or meet (a need, requirements, etc.). 7. To occupy (an office or position). 8. To level out (an embankment, ravine, etc.) by adding stone, gravel, etc. —vi. 9. To become full. —to fill (someone) in on Informal To give (someone) additional facts or details about. —to fill out 1. To make or become fuller or more rounded. 2.

To make complete, as an application. —to fill the bill Informal To do or be what is wanted or needed. —to fill up To make or become full. —s. 1. That which fills or is sufficient to fill. 2. An embankment built up by filling in with stone, gravel, etc. [OE: fyllan fill] —fill'er n.